

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1887.

NO. 243.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.00 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

MT. SALEM LINCOLN COUNTY.

Crops in this section look very well, though corn is needing some rain. Wheat is not turning out very well. Stock water is getting scarce with those not well provided with the article.

Died, on the 30th ult., at the residence of his son, Mr. G. W. Lewis, Yoemite, Mr. David Lewis, of Pendleton county, aged 88 years. Two months ago he came on a visit to his son's, but becoming sick, and the weather unfavorable, it was not thought prudent for him to go home. Thursday morning he was more lively than usual and went to the table and ate his breakfast, but in the evening was taken bad and at 6 o'clock had passed away. Mr. Lewis was a native of Virginia, having come to this State at the age of 12 years. He never voted out of his county. He was the last of a family of extreme longevity, some of his brothers and sisters reaching the age of 100 years, and his mother died at the advanced age of 105 years.

Jim Coulter, who has always prided himself on his superior sagacity over his friends and associates in not being "taken in" by sharper, has lately fallen a victim to the lightning rod man. After the agent left, Jim even consulted his friends about putting in a lightning rod at very high prices, and getting a very imposed article, with all appliances with an outlay of only \$15. But the final outcome he found that he had signed a contract which wrenched from his pocket \$72. Since then Jim has been "feeling like the leaves of autumn after throwing off the green drapery of summer." His friend, Sparks Fisher, has been hunting a retreat for him while suffering from his calamity, but finds the Ay Iams at Lexington and Anchorage too crowded to receive him. He has hopes, however, that there will soon be a vacant bunk at the feeble minded institute at Frankfort.

General Buckner's first wife was Miss Kingsbury, a new England girl living at Lyme, Conn. They were married, says the Hartford Times, in the old Champlin House, still standing. Old residents who attended the ceremony say Lieut. Buckner was a dashing appearing young fellow and in his new uniform looked every inch a general. Just as the officiating clergyman pronounced the final words of the service there was an alarm of fire; a neighbor's house was burning.

The bridegroom threw off his coat and with the minister and the guests ran to extinguish the flames. Lieut. Buckner rendered efficient service and rescued an aged colored servant from the burning house. Then he returned, recocked, kissed the bride and received the congratulations of his friends. The young officer took his bride to his Kentucky home and nearly every succeeding summer until the breaking out of the civil war he came on and spent a few days at Lyme, bringing his wife with him.

When it became evident that trouble was to ensue between the two sections of the country, Mrs. Buckner made over a large amount of real estate she owned in Chicago to her brother, then a lieutenant in the regular army. This course was adopted because confiscation was feared and with the understanding that Lieut. Kingsbury held the property in trust. Lieut. Kingsbury was afterward made colonel of a Connecticut regiment and was mortally wounded on the field of battle.

With almost his last breath he recalled his trust and willed his property, not to his sister, but to her husband. It was claimed by his mother, however, and when the war ended the case was fought in the courts for years, but finally the nuncupative will was admitted to probate. The cost of the long suit was very heavy and it is said that Gen. Buckner paid his leading counsel the sum of \$100,000.

THE FLAG BUSINESS.—The purpose of the President, however, was praiseworthy and patriotic, because his object was the complete removal, not of the memories nor the results of the war, but of the little signs and relics of the terrible conflict that merely prolong an irritation of feeling which every generous American would gladly allay. Neither the grandeur of the national cause nor the glorious heroism and devotion of the national soldiers requires that kind of memorial. —[Harper's Weekly.]

Why not have hoe-handles flat or oval like six-handled? With such a handle the workman can strike more accurately and so work nearer the plants, because the hoe will not turn in his hands. The edge will wear evenly and the hoe lasts longer than with the old round handle. The wrist is not so soon tired nor the hands cramped with the flat handle. When you come to repair the old hoes put an oval handle in one of them. —[Farm Journal.]

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

Not a particle of news of any interest. Eld. W. L. Williams is able to leave his room and seems to be recovering his wonted health.

The thresher is at work, but most of our farmers prefer stacking their grain rather than sell at the present low prices.

Dry weather, parching crops, high thermometers and low waters form the bane of the daily plaint when men do congregate.

One hundred years ago men would have scouted the idea that Independence Day would ever pass into forgetfulness, deprived of its prestige, its glory dimmed, its memories obliterated. Then it was the theme of the pulpit, the inspiration of the rostrum, the stimulus of the poet, the favorite topic of the patriot, the soul thrilling music to which the fledgeling orator plumed his aspiring pinions and soared in quest of immortality. But the change has come. The increase of power, the progress of art, science and literature, the rushing and startling events of history have cast a shadow over the simple annals of our earlier days. And yet it may be doubted whether in the essentials—wisdom, patriotism, statesmanship, rectitude of character, official honesty, virtue or eloquence—the change has shown an upward tendency. One thing is certain—the past has left to us a priceless legacy, a glorious history, an untrammelled escutcheon, a beautiful and almost boundless territory, enlarged capabilities and increased responsibility. The plan was devised in wisdom, the foundations of a grand commonwealth securely laid. It remains to be seen whether the present is a worthy custodian of so great a trust. The changes through which we are constantly passing, the dangers by which we are constantly surrounded, the example of former nations, all warn us to guard with vigilance our consecrated heritage, to train the rising race for efficiency, impressing continually the idea that they will soon be called to accept the trust their fathers held and become responsible for its transmission to their successors with brighter, better hopes, extended influence, and undiminished lustre.

The barbecue business is a good enough thing in its way, but it must not be expected to supply the usual methods of getting out the vote. There is no organization about a barbecue. It is, at best, a frolic and a hurrah, at which people get entangled in a general way and to that extent good is done. But barbecues are simply extra "trimmings" to the campaign. The real work is to be effected by local organizations and by holding meetings every precinct.

At every county seat in the State there are from two to half a dozen young gentlemen who can make good speeches, and who will be glad to "stamp" their counties if called on to do so. The State Central Committee should see to it that their services are enlisted.—[S. M. B. in C. J.]

It is very pleasant to observe that in the discussion of the battle-flag question, almost every expression from the South is good-natured. The South does not want the flag; they are all right where they are; they are not worth a hard word or thought. This is the universal sentiment from the South and it shames the perfidious eloquence of a few Northern politicians, with their theatrical curses and desperate appeals. Indeed the discussion has not disturbed the era of good feeling, but has confirmed it, by showing how far the South has left the war behind in its new record of progress, and how easy it feels in its natural relations under the old flag.—[Boston Herald.]

W. H. Dunn's 57 high grade steers were purchased in Wilson and Sumner last November. They were put on stalk fields and blue-grass; they weighed 917 average, costing 3 cents. Commenced to feed corn Feb. 14th and continued until April 20th. They consumed three barrels each, when they were put on clover and on June 14th they averaged 1,350 pounds and are considered the best bunch of cattle in the county. They are taking on three pounds daily. Mr. D put 72 shots, weighing 90 pounds, with the cattle when he commenced to feed the cattle corn. They averaged 222 pounds when sold May 4th at 4½ cents. Mr. Dunn prefers red clover above all grasses for fattening steers.—[Farmers' Home Journal.]

Mrs. Fannie Hill celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth at Elizabethtown Saturday. An active participant in the celebration was Mr. John W. Hill, the husband, who only lacks one year of being a century old himself.

The government has instituted suit against the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati for the forfeiture of its franchise and the dissolution of the bank, the ground upon which the suit is based being 1st, the making of a fraudulent statement as to the bank's condition May 13th, 1887; loaning a sum in excess of one tenth part of the capital stock of the bank actually paid in; increasing the capital stock of the bank without the approval of the comptroller; making loans to divers persons named, taking as security therefor stock of their own bank; not having on hand May 13 and on divers days before and after that date, the 25 per cent. reserve required by law; and knowingly permitting the over certification of checks.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

J. T. Williams is building a commodious addition to his general and provision store.

The glorious 4 h was observed in ancient form and manner by the K. of L. of Pittsburg.

A light rainfall Sunday evening served in a measure to lay the dust. More rain is badly needed for growing crops.

The job work received from the INTERIOR JOURNAL office by several of our business men is pronounced by them first class and gives perfect satisfaction.

The funeral of old Uncle Sam McKee, of color, was preached at the court-house Sunday, a large concourse of colored brethren and sistering being present to hear the big guns from the blue grass "discharge" on the deceased brudder.

Major G. M. Adams and Gen. P. W. Hardin passed through here Sunday en route to Manchester, Pisgah, Barberville, Williamsburg and Simeron, at all of which places they have appointments to speak. They will be here on Monday, the 11th. Let everybody come.

The south-bound express on Sunday morning carried four bunting hearts to Jefflico, Tennessee, the north-bound mail bringing them back as two. The happy parties were Dr. J. Givens and Miss Maggie Pittman and Mr. Michael Finnegan and Miss Agnes Rooney, all of Pittsburg, this country. Here's congratulations all around.

In a drunken row at Eliz. Bernstadt, Saturday night, Jim Andes fatally stabbed Bill Hall. At Pittsburg, or a dive near there, Tom Stringer shot Vol. Philpot in the head, inflicting a serious, but not necessarily fatal wound, Saturday night. These parties were all celebrating the 4 h in advance.

Dr. J. D. Merritt, a patent medicine peddler, was robbed of his watch and \$42.50 near Corbin Wednesday night by an unknown negro. Parties attempted the arrest at Lily the same night of two darkies, who acted suspiciously, but failed. They were afterwards arrested here, but the doctor said they were not the guilty ones.

Mrs. John Pearl, with her pretty little daughter, joined her husband at Junction City Sunday. They expect to make that their home for the present. Miss Nellie Hackney has returned from her visit to Paint Lick, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ward. Elder Livingston preached at the Christian church Sunday. Little Miss Russell Robinson nearly gouged his eye out with a button hook. J. M. Packett has resigned his position as agent and operator at this station and left for home Sunday night. Mr. W. H. Haywood, of Old Deposit, takes his place. J. D. Smith and family are off to Lake Chautauqua for the summer.

A Lost Opportunity.

Mr. George Washington Cole, of Chicago, didn't come home one evening at the usual time, nor the next day, and Mrs. Cole, becoming alarmed, began a search for him. She was not successful and after several days, as a last resort, visited the morgue. The keeper listened to her description, and then said he thought he had a subject that answered to it. The wife desired to look at the body and she was shown into the dead house.

After viewing the subject pointed out to her for several minutes, Mrs. Cole burst into tears and declared that the body was that of her husband. But in order to assure herself that she had made no mistake, she requested the keeper of the morgue to turn the body over and see if there was a large scar on the back of the neck. As he proceeded to do so, a set of false teeth fell out of the mouth of the corpse upon the marble slab.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, wiping her tears away; "George never wore false teeth."

"You blamed fool!" growled the keeper of the morgue, addressing the corpse, as he roughly threw it back in place and picked up the false teeth; "If you had only kept your mouth shut you might have had a decent burial!"—[From the Portfolio of The American Magazine.]

A Sumpter, Georgia, woman owned a guinea hen that wanted to sit; she had her nest broken up. She filled another and persisted in sitting, but her owner had determined otherwise and again broke up the nest. The poor fowl looked on sorrowfully and saw her maternal hopes blighted, turned with drooping head, walked up to the well, flew up on the curbing and then plunged head foremost into the deep waters below. When they got her out she was dead. —[Atlanta Constitution.]

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

The government has instituted suit against the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati for the forfeiture of its franchise and the dissolution of the bank, the ground upon which the suit is based being 1st, the making of a fraudulent statement as to the bank's condition May 13th, 1887; loaning a sum in excess of one tenth part of the capital stock of the bank actually paid in; increasing the capital stock of the bank without the approval of the comptroller; making loans to divers persons named, taking as security therefor stock of their own bank; not having on hand May 13 and on divers days before and after that date, the 25 per cent. reserve required by law; and knowingly permitting the over certification of checks.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an absolute abstainer.

Thousands of drunkards have been made

sober in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. —[New York Daily Tribune.]

The system once adopted, the specific it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For full particulars, address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race st., Cincinnati, O.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

A large number of our citizens are taking advantage of the low rates on the road to visit friends.

A District S. S. Convention will be held at Pareall, two miles west of this place on July 16th and 17th.

The Bourbonville News has it "Col. Matt Adams. Didn't they know a 'Major' when they see him, and one of their citizens, too?

Patten Harris, a 17 year old boy, was arrested Saturday charged with selling whisky on Sassafras Creek. He was released on giving bond.

It is a good time for petty offenders to get in their word now as there is no jail here, the old one is a thing of the past. Had it been allowed to remain awhile it would have fallen of its own accord.

The old adage "You may lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," was verified here Saturday when the Prohibitionists were gently led up to the republican trough but refused to eat.

Why can't some of the church officers see it that the shutter on the south side of the cupola on their building is replaced, so as to prevent the rain from pouring through and destroying the plastering?

Thompson & Fish, successors to F. L. Thompson, will have a full stock of everything in the goods line by July 5th. Come and see us. The old firm asks that you come in and examine your account and see if it is correct and let us start anew. The new firm expects to do a good business and all should take advantage of first class goods and low prices.

The democrats, as it now seems, will probably have no candidate for the legislature and many prominent ones of that party here are urging the claims of Mr. W. C. Webb, of Pittsburg, a Knight of Labor candidate, under the impression that with the number of Labor votes pledged and a boost from the democrats will carry Mr. Webb ahead of Mr. Ward, the republican candidate.

Mrs. W. M. Weber and family are from Knoxville for the summer. Mr. J. A. Dickey, a prominent contractor on the C. V. Branch and other roads, was here Saturday. Miss Annie Evans left for Zanesville, Ohio, Sunday, accompanied by her father as far as Cincinnati. Dr. A. G. Lovell is here from Louisville. Little Miss Lelah Williams, of your place, is visiting relatives here.

Dick Welsh's little dog "Jack" was the means of saving the lives of two negro tramps a few nights since by barking furiously at them when they were lying asleep on the track under a box car. Dick went out to ascertain the trouble and waked the darkies up a few minutes before a freight train came in on the siding and pushed the car along. The frightened Africans wanted to buy the dog but Dick refused to part with his valued companion.

The saw mill of James Tate, 3 miles East of Brodhead, was burned Friday at noon with 5,000 feet of dressed lumber. The fire started while all the hands were at dinner and was under too great headway when discovered to be extinguished. This is the second time Mr. Tate has had the misfortune to have his mill burned. He never gives up, though. He went immediately to another mill and ordered lumber for rebuilding.

The republicans completed their convention labor Saturday and declared their choice, which was a foregone conclusion some time ago, to be Samuel Ward, of Lexington, as a candidate for the Legislature. The Prohibitionists also brought their much continued convention to a close without

making any nomination. One wing of the party was for declaring Mr. Ward their candidate, but the proposition met with too much opposition, and Mr. W. was sent for and when he was asked how he stood on the Prohibition question he endorsed most of their platform and it appeared for a while he would receive the nomination of two conventions, but the motion to that effect was overruled and after a little wrangling over the question the convention dispersed of its own accord without nominating any one or the formalities of being adjourned. Mr. John Melvin was strongly spoken of as their probable candidate.

The statement is made that the peach crop in Trimble county this year will be between 150,000 and 200,000 bushels, which will put a very large amount of money in circulation in that county.

The Wine and Spirit Association of Ohio, embracing many of the liquor dealers of that State, has passed a resolution endorsing the action of the Kentucky distillers in ceasing operations for one year, and pledging themselves not to handle any whisky made between July 1st, 1887, and July 1st, 1888, and not to deal hereafter with a distiller who makes a run during that time.

The pension office report shows there have been issued during the year 55,577 pensions of all kinds, originals, widows and other dependent on pension certificates. This is the highest year in the history of the government and exceeds exactly by 5,000 the number issued in 1886, the first year after the war when the facilities for securing testimony were far greater than they now are.

—STANFORD, KY.—

WALTON'S OPERA HOUSE,

—STANFORD, KY.—

WALTON BROS. — Proprietors

FOR SALE!

A good set of Tanner's Tools and a lot of Tin-ner's Supplies. Will sell Cheap. 238-41.

MRS. C. E. SIMPSON,

Middlebury, Ky.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Spring and Summer Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Novelties, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars, and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Sny-ler & Warren, next door to the Myers House. 162-2m.

KATE DUDEBAR.

W.M. ATREY.

JAE. G. GIVENS.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

AYRES & GIVENS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

315 Fifth Street,

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

F R GOVERNOR—SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER, of Hart County.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR—JAMES W. BRYAN, of Kenton county.
ATTORNEY GENERAL—P. W. HARDIN, of Mercer county.
AUDITOR—FAYETTE HEWITT, of Hardin county.
TREASURER—JAMES W. TATE, of Woodford county.
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—JOSEPH DESHA PICKETT, of Fayette county.
REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE—THOMAS H. CORRETT, of McCracken county.
LEGISLATURE—Dr. J. D. PETTUS, Lincoln county.

THE survivors of the famous Pickett Brigade and the Philadelphia Brigade, which withstood its terrible charge 24 years ago at Gettysburg, met on the battle ground Saturday, the former being the guest of the latter, amid the greatest good feeling and most gratifying fraternal relations. They met as brave men do and the recital of the events of the day is enough to paralyze the little souls of Fairchild, Forsker, Halstead and the other bloody screechers, who want to renew hostilities 20 odd years after they are closed. As Watterson recently said in one of his outbursts, "God will bless the legions of love and damn the legions of hate."

The brute Turner met his death Friday at sunrise with the same inhuman indifference that had characterized him ever since he was condemned to die. After swearing in court that Patterson assisted him in the murder of Jennie Bowman and sticking to it ever since, he left a statement denying his story and upon the gallows with the noose around his neck, he said, "Free Patterson, the man was not with me." The work of the Sheriff was splendidly done, Turner's neck being broken by the fall and all signs of life disappearing at the end of thirteen minutes.

The prohibition candidate for governor, Judge Fontaine T. Fox, spoke here yesterday to a large crowd and his following seemed much pleased with his effort. He is a good speaker and did his best to prove the rottenness of both parties and that the only salvation was in accepting his doctrine and voting for him. With a pressure of other matter we have not the space to devote to his speech that we would like to have done.

The public debt was decreased during the month of June \$16,852,725 17 and during the year ending July 1st, \$109,707,646, 38. This is a pretty good showing for the party which the republicans claimed would bankrupt the national treasury in a year after it was voted into power. The total debt is now \$1,266,281,462 19 and the total cash available for its payment is \$280,489, 842 38.

THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette pays its compliments as follows: The prohibition third-party crowd of howling idiots have nominated a State ticket of nobodies. There is not one or the names on the ticket ever heard of outside his own county. The whole exhibition at Delaware has been of effrontery and imbecility; and the amount of ignorance and malice displayed is surprising.

JOHN P. MURRAY, of the Bardstown Record, one of the cleanest and best papers in Kentucky, announces that he has taken into partnership with him in its publication, Messrs. T. H. Morris and Harry Bacon. They are experienced men in the business and we expect to see the paper beat its past record.

To the credit of the colored churches in Louisville be it said none of them would permit the funeral of Albert Turner, the murderer, to be held in it, and the remains had to be buried Saturday from an undertaker's shop.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS

A monument to the Union soldiers of Mason was unveiled at Maysville, yesterday.

The democrats of Pulaski have nominated Squire J. J. Watson for the legislature.

The Ohio prohibitionists, after a three days' convention, nominated a full State ticket.

Those who are posted say prohibition will be defeated in Texas by 60,000 majority.

At Rockport, Indiana, George Nichols shot and killed his divorced wife and then himself.

Gov. Hill has just signed a bill giving bicyclers the same rights on the public highways as other persons and the boys are jubilant.

The wife of Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under President Grant, died at New York, after a long illness.

The bond of E. L. Harper, late vice president of the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati, has been increased to \$200,000.

The high license law goes into effect in Minnesota Friday, the minimum of license in cities of 10,000 or over being \$1,000, and in smaller places \$500.

Mrs. John Vaught, of Pulaski county, by mistake gave her two-year-old child a morphine powder that had been prescribed for herself, and it died.

In a mountain cave near Cookville, Tennessee, 60 skeletons have been found. It is claimed they are the remains of men that were robbed and murdered at different times years ago. —[Jesamaine Journal].

Maysville is happy over having struck gold at 350 feet.

The Giant Tobacco Company of Louisville failed for \$100,000.

I. C. Ramsey beat Judge Phillips for the democratic nomination for superintendent of county schools in Wayne.

A Washington paper asserts that Secretary of War Endicott tendered his resignation to the President last week.

James McEroy, the negro convicted of the murder of farmer Mart, was hung at Henderson Friday and died protesting his innocence.

A Methodist preacher has skipped from LaPorte, Ind., with the hired girl, leaving a wife with six children, about to be confined again.

At Chatham, N. J., Sunday, John Wilson shot and killed his wife and afterward himself. Eight children were made orphans by the awful crime.

By the premature explosion of a bomb on a turnpike in Jessamine, John Bradshaw had both of his eyes put out and J. W. King was fatally injured.

A fiend at Jersey City threw a lighted lamp at a woman, but missed her and the lamp exploding set fire to and burned up her child. He was captured after a chase and is now in jail.

A New York paper says Maria Halpin, whose name was used in the last presidential campaign, has been married at Rochester, New York, to Albert Secard, an uncle of her former husband.

The business failures for the first half of the year in the United States are reported to be 4,912 against 5,156 for the same period in 1886. The liabilities were \$55,138,000, against \$50,434,000 in 1886.

George Jekel was discharged on his examining trial for the killing of his sweetheart at Jeffersonville. It will be remembered that she was found dying in her father's parlor and that he claimed that she took his pistol from his pocket while he slept and shot herself.

The President has pardoned Thomas Baller, the counterfeiter, who in 1875 was sentenced to 30 years in the Albany penitentiary. He was the most dangerous criminal of his day and his sentence was for the longest time ever given for the offense. He is an old man now, broken down in health and the President thinks for this reason his release can do no harm.

MARRIAGES.

The Emperor of China is soon to be married and a million of dollars are to be spent on the festivities.

We tender congratulations and good wishes to Mr. Walker Fry, of the Danville Tribune, on his accession to the noble army of Benedictists. He was married last week in Memphis, to Miss Julie Lehner, who is said to be a very charming young lady.

DEATHS.

Mrs. T. J. Leake died at Brodhead on Sunday of consumption.

Bishop Shorter, of the African Methodist Church is dead at 78.

Luke Poland, who had served in both Houses of Congress from Vermont, is dead of apoplexy.

Mrs. Mary Owsley Evans, wife of Geo. W. Evans, died yesterday morning of a paralytic stroke, in the 56th year of her age. She was a most estimable lady, a devout member of the Baptist Church and a true and earnest Christian. Her husband and six children, all grown save one, survive her and in their terrible loss a sympathizing community unites in condolence. The funeral will occur at the Baptist church's, Crab Orchard, at 2:30 this afternoon and the interment in the Lancaster cemetery at 4:30.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

A small crowd, no stock, no sales and little business make up the dull report for July court day.

Clark, Warden & Co. have recently negotiated for 2,000 bushels of new wheat at 65 cents per bushel. —[Glasgow News].

Mr. K. L. Tanner has bought several crops of wheat for his Favorite Mills at 60 cents and the rise of the market during the next month.

In Clark county 3,000 bushels of bluegrass seed delivered on the cars sold at 50 cents and engagements are being made at 60 cents for September.

Clark, Warden & Co. have recently negotiated for 2,000 bushels of new wheat at 65 cents per bushel. —[Glasgow News].

Mr. K. L. Tanner has bought several crops of wheat for his Favorite Mills at 60 cents and the rise of the market during the next month.

—In Clark county 3,000 bushels of bluegrass seed delivered on the cars sold at 50 cents and engagements are being made at 60 cents for September.

—Mose Masters delivered the first new wheat of the season Tuesday to Smith & Rixick at 72 cents per bushel; he sold about 400 bushels. —[Jesamaine Journal].

Mule colts are scarce this year and the prices at selling time will be proportionately high. We have heard of some engagements for good ones at \$100 each. —[Anderson News].

I will be in Stanford on or about the 15th of this month with 20 head of cattle, 3 yoke of oxen and 600 sheep. Those wishing to buy can be accommodated. J. M. Maxwell.

Lee, Hudson & Co. this week purchased in Garrard and Madison counties, 20 head of mules ranging from 15 hands 1 inch to 16 hands high at prices from \$125 and \$180. —[Danville Advocate].

FOR SALE.—An extra good Jersey cow in full milk—her two year old heifer due to calve this fall and her yearling heifer. I offer these animals because I don't need them and they will be sold at a bargain. W. H. Miller, Stanford, Ky.

—While Mr. Joe Patterson was cutting wheat on his place Wednesday, near Wilmore, the machine caught fire from a hot box and burned up almost in five minutes. This is the first case of this kind on record in this county. —[Jesamaine Journal].

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Secret societies are now taking in the negro children and all the pennies they can raise. There are several "lodges" here now.

Mrs. Mary E. Louckart, of this place, widow of S. B. Louckart, a soldier of the Mexican war, has been granted a pension.

Mr. B. F. Reeder, who was bitten by a rat and who came near scaling the pear gates in consequence, is now thought to be getting well.

There will be a large delegation of untried democrats in attendance at the district barbecue to be held in Elkin's woods, in Garrard county on the 14th.

Knicker breeches, white flannel shirts and immense neckties are becoming fashionable among our young men, and they just go wild over the game of lawn tennis.

"The Salt River Tigers," commanded by the revolutionary veteran, Phil Marks, will parade the streets to-day and afterwards listen to an oration at the courthouse.

—Some of us have great respect for the nation's birthday (July 4th) and have consequently closed our business houses, but if you will get in the back doors are not always locked.

—Sol and Bob Williams, two negro boys, were arrested, tried and held over on Saturday for stealing some cash from James Shearer, a white man. About the truth of it was that Shearer bet with the negroes on a game of cards and lost and then he "kicked."

—At an election of officers held on the 1st inst. by Central Lodge No. 8, I. O. O. F., the following were chosen: A. S. McCorrister, N. G.; B. J. Durham, V. G.; S. F. McGuire, E. S.; R. S. Russel, P. S.; F. Frye, Treas.; George Smith, P. G.; B. Manwaring, O. G.

—During the term just closed Central Lodge has added 22 members to her list by initiation and 12 by cards of dismissal from other lodges. "Old Central" has a history of 47 years and many of Boyle county's most respected citizens have their names enrolled on their statistical record.

—Sam Moore, who lives on the Lebanon road between Danville and Parksville, and a young man named Hayes, who live near Junction City, had a quarrel Saturday evening when Moore shot Hayes with a shot gun, badly shattering his hip. Moore is expected to surrender himself to the authorities this (Monday) morning.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

A Knights of Labor lodge has been organized here. Forty members have been enrolled.

—Rev. Frank Cheek, of Danville, preached at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning and evening.

—Business went on as usual in the city yesterday. Our people are very fond of work. There isn't a lazy man in town.

—Hon. Henry Watterson has, in a letter to R. H. Tomlinson, Esq., announced his intention to be present at the barbecue on July 14.

—In a difficulty at Kirksville, Saturday, between two negroes, one of them struck the other on the head with a stick, fracturing his skull from the effects of which he died on Sunday. I could not learn the particulars.

—William H. Greenleaf and wife, of St. Louis, are here visiting their relatives. "Squinter" looks very pale owing to his recent illness. Tom Bush, of St. Louis, is visiting his parents here. Tom has grown wonderfully.

—Mr. El Russell and niece, Miss Lida Russell, of Breckinridge, Mo., are visiting at Drs. Herring and Fisher's. Capt. Elkin came to town yesterday and was very much surprised to find that it was the glorious 4th. He was under the impression that it was the 25th of June. John H. Woodcock came up from Simeron to meet with the Boone Club. He returned to that place yesterday. He says Bro. Barnes' meeting is progressing admirably.

—I spent one day with the D. Boone Club, which is now in Camp at Island No. 10, on the Hanging Fork. I was introduced to all the braves belonging to the club. They are all regular bucks and I should think would look very ferocious in their war paint, particularly Chief "American Horse" and "Red Seaves." The dinner was excellent but avoided more of civilization than I imagine the dinners of Boone did. The ancient medicine man of the tribe is quite feeble and is tenderly cared for by the braves. May he and all of them be long in the land.

—Napoleon B. Price, known and loved by all our people as "Uncle Poly," died at his late residence near Lancaster on July 1st. By his death Garrard loses a good citizen and his family a kind husband and indulgent father. He was born in Garrard County in 1812 and lived here all his life. In 1843 he married Miss Harriet Stewart, of Boyle county, who together with five children survive him. He was a brother of Admiral Ciocero Price, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the venerable Dr. Jennings Price, of Lancaster. He was a life long member of the Christian church and held the office of deacon at the time of his demise. His funeral was preached by Ed. G. W. Yancy, on Saturday afternoon, and his remains laid to rest in the Lancaster cemetery.

—The Standard Oil Company is contemplating piping natural gas to Chicago from Indiana.

—T. E. Pepper, a whisky drummer from Lexington, was perhaps fatally done up in a hotel at Logansport, Indiana, where he raised a disturbance.

—Miles Peyton asks us to state that the 15th annual meeting of the Colored Misionary Convention will be held with the Christian church here July 19-24.

THE BICYCLE RACES.—A pretty fair crowd attended the races at Harris' course Saturday and the day was greatly enjoyed by the young people. The only drawback was a lack of system and the absence of a regular programme, but it was the boys' first attempt and we are not disposed to be hypercritical.

The first race was a half mile heat for the championship of Madison, Boyle, Garrard, Marion and Lincoln counties. There were three starters: Turley, Richmond; Taylor, Danville; Weidinger, Stanford. Weidinger got by far the best start, but before a quarter of a mile was run he was passed by Turley and it was nip and tuck between them until on the down grade to home Weidinger passed him and crossed the line about two lengths ahead. Taylor was, literally speaking, not in the race at all, having gotten but a little over two-thirds around the track when Weidinger stopped at home. Turley withdrew from the race for the want of wind and Taylor conceded Weidinger the winner. Weidinger's time was 1 minute and 45 seconds.

The second race was for the best boy rider. Ben Wearen and Julien Bourne were the only contestants and the gold medal for that race was easily won by Wearen, who is an excellent rider for one so young, although Bourne did remarkably well.

The free for all race was the most exciting and in fact the best of the races. Those entered were Ed H. Croninger, Covington; August Weidinger, Stanford; C. H. Jenkins, Louisville. Weidinger had a splendid start and ran several lengths ahead until about a quarter of a mile was run, when he was passed by both Croninger and Jenkins, who kept their respective places through the race, with Croninger coming out victor by about three lengths.

The Lincoln county championship was won by Dr. W. B. Penny. It was a quarter mile heat and was run in 42 seconds by him on the last heat. There were four starters and three heats were run.

The mile dash was run by J. F. Adams, Louisville; Robert White, Stanford; J. W. Goodin, Louisville. It was won by Adams with Goodin second. White ran well, but stood no chance with such riders.

The five-mile dash was looked forward to as the one in which most interest would be taken, but when it was found that there were only two entries and those two being gentlemen not known locally, the interest ceased. Croninger and Jenkins ran up to the time 34 miles were run they were not separated 20 feet. On this round Jenkins was struck with a pain and was compelled to retire from the race. Croninger ran only four miles and was declared winner. The time was 16 minutes and 6 seconds.

The foot race was enjoyed to a considerable extent and was won by Robert Hail on the second heat. Those entered were R. G. Hail, Uriah Bright, George Penny, Thomas Robinson. The run was 100 yards and was won by Hail in 11 seconds. Bright won second place.

NOTES.

Mr. Willie A. Tribble was very conspicuous for his absence.

Some of the "wicked" boys bet as high as 15 cents on the races.

George C. Keller was musical director and a better one we have seldom seen.

George Penny sold favorite in the foot race, but to keep up with the derby fashion was beaten.

Captain J. B. Hobbs was as busy as a hen with one chicken and did his best to get order out of chaos.

Every man, woman and child was supplied with a walking cane and all were won at Young's cane booth.

The music by "Prof." Lotte's orchestra was good

Stanford, Ky., July 5, 1887

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 12:30 P. M.
" " South 1:30 P. M.
Express train" South 1:45 A. M.
" " North 1:50 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar
time is about 20 minutes faster.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Rowland at 5 and 7:20 A. M.
Returning, arrive at 6:55 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

The best ready mixed paints are to be
had at A. R. Penny's.

Ask your grocer for the Cincinnati Baking
Co.'s crackers and cakes.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short
notice and warranted by A. R. Penny.

STANDARD ready mixed paints; quality
and durability guaranteed at McRoberts &
Stagg's.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest
style. Rockford watches a specialty. A.
R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAlister having
dissolved, the accounts are ready for settle-
ment. Come at once and settle. You may
have cost.

PERSONAL.

—MISS MAY ADAMS, of Mt. Vernon, is
the guest of Miss Anne Sisks.

—MISS MOLLIE DUNN, of Garrard, is the
guest of Mrs. Smith Baughman.

—MISS LIZZIE ELKIN, Garrard county,
is visiting Mrs. H. J. McRoberts.

—MISSES MATTIE AND MAGGIE OWSLEY
are in Paris, the guests of friends.

—MR. E. B. HAYDEN, of Springfield,
Mo., is back on a visit to relatives.

—MISSES M. C. AND C. C. WILLIAMS, of
Mt. Vernon, were in town Sunday.

—MISS REBECCA STUART, of Cynthi-
ard, is with Mrs. Dr. J. G. Carpenter.

—MISS MAY GULLY, of Upper Garrard,
is with Miss Fannie Swope, of this county.

—MISS MARY LACKEY, of Bloomington,
Illinois, is visiting Mrs. John J. McR b
er.

—T. F. SPINK, the clever young dispatch-
er on the main line, was up to the bicycle
races.

—MISS NETTIE INNIS, of Boyle, is the
guest of her cousin, Miss Dora Spoonamore
near town.

—MISSES FANNIE HILL and Mildred
Lewis are visiting Mrs. Ben Spalding, at
Lebanon.

—MISS SALLIE HARRISON, of Cincinnati,
is the guest of Mrs. J. H. Hocker, and other
friends.

—MRS. PHIL SODEN, of Louisville, is
visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
Dudders.

—MISS IDA WELSH, a handsome young
lady from Nicholville, is the guest of
Mrs. M. L. Bourne.

—MR. AND MRS. BRECKINRIDGE JONES,
of St. Louis, and their bouncing baby boy,
Reid, are guests of Mr. John M. Reid.

—MISS GEORGE WRAY, of Stanford, is
spending a few weeks with Misses Sada and
Amanda Lynn, on Third avenue.—[Cour-
ier Journals].

—MISSES CLEO WILLIAMS, of Mt. Ver-
non, and Jennie Kennedy, of Crab Orchard,
are with Misses Mattie and Zula Williams,
on lower Main street.

—MRS. S. L. WHITEHEAD, of Mt. Ver-
non, is the guest of Mrs. J. L. D. Chandler,
at Mr. W. F. Ramsey's. Mrs. Chandler
continues very ill.

—OUR old friend, Capt. Frank J. White,
is at last to get a Mexican pension. Those
silk hats are now in order, Captain, and
don't you forget it.

—MISSES MAMIE BRYANT, of Clifton
Forge, Va., and Jessie Bryant, of Bristol,
Tenn., arrived Saturday and are with Misses
Fannie Hill and Mildred Lewis.

—COL. JOHN B. FISH declines the flatter-
ing call made on him to become a candi-
date for the Senate, because he is not old
enough, according to the constitution, to
serve, if he was elected.

—THE Jenkins reporter of the Lancaster
hop in the INTERIOR JOURNAL left out the
name of one of our very nicest young la-
dies, Miss Jennie Kennedy, who was dressed
in white stripes and looked charming-
ly.—[Cor Danville Tribune. The omission
was an oversight, which we regret and
which we hope Miss Jennie will excuse,
for she must know it was unintentional.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BORN, to the wife of Jeff Jones on Friday
a girl.

FINE line of Candies just received at A.
Warren's.

NOBODY observed the glorious 4th here,
not even the banks or Capt. Richards, both
institutions being kept open all day.

THOSE indebted to me will please come
forward and settle at once. I ask this and
shall expect my creditors to favor me with
an early settlement. I need the money.
Mrs. Kate Dudder.

THAT accomplished orator, Senator Jas.
W. Bryan, candidate for Lieutenant govern-
or, will speak at Liberty, July 16 and at
Jamestown, July 18, at 1 o'clock in each
instance. The people should turn out and
listen to the finest stump speaker of the
day.

WASHING MACHINE.—Messrs. H. T.
Wilson, B. P. McAllister and M. W. Rose
have established headquarters at Dr.
Bourne's here and will give our citizens a
chance to purchase the Florence Washer,
said to be the most perfect thing of the
kind ever invented. See testimonials else-
where.

READ Bruce & McRoberts' ad. it might
save you a few dollars.

A NEW lot of collars and cuffs and p'ait
ed bosom shirts at Bruce & McRoberts'.

My accounts will be ready for you by
July 1st. Please call and settle. H. C.
Ripley.

PARTIES having accounts with me will
please call and settle and greatly oblige.
A. A. Warren.

LITTLE JIMMIE GIVENS, son of Dr. Car-
penter, was seriously cut in the head by
falling from a buggy, dashed against a post
by a runaway horse.

We give fair warning to all who are in-
debted to us that if they do not come in
and settle by July 15th, we will put the ac-
counts in the hands of an officer for collect-
ion. Owsley & Craig.

THE Moonlight Fête to be given by the
McElroy Gleaners to-night at Mrs. George
H. Bruce's will be a delightful couple of
hours for all who attend. Admission 25
cents, which includes refreshments.

ABOUT all that was done by the county
court yesterday was to reduce some wrong
assessments and to admit Mr. A. Miller's
will to probate. It appoints his wife exec-
utrix and gives her all of his estate.

KILLED.—Jim McCarty, who used to
keep bar for Squire Portman, shot and
killed Bob Brinton at Jellico, yesterday in
a row, which originated in McCarty's bar-
room. Brinton's body was brought to
Williamsburg, where his friends live.

DEATH.—George Ball, after an illness of
four weeks, of a brain and spinal affection,
died Saturday afternoon, aged about 26. It
will be remembered that he interfered in a
row between his father, Billy Ball, and his
mother, and that he shot the old man dead
when he endeavored to assault him for it.
He has been drinking a good deal since the
act and that no doubt hastened his death.

THE Lancaster Calisthenic Club ought to
draw a full house here Thursday night.
The evolutions that the pretty young girls
go through is a wonder to behold, while
the musical features of the programme will
be delightful. A number of solos by ex-
perienced vocalists will be given, besides
some instrumental pieces that cannot be
improved upon. The proceeds are for the
benefit of Bright's church and everybody
should go and thus contribute to a good
cause. Major Harry A. Evans is manager
and says our people may expect a real
treat.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—On a warrant sworn
out by C. N. Warner, an L. & N. detective,
Ex-Sheriff Menefee, appointed special
officer by Judge Carson, arrested W. H. Pol-
lock Sunday morning and took him to the
Sheppardsville jail, charged with breaking
into and robbing a car at Lebanon Junction
of two boxes of shoes, the property of
Bruce & McRoberts and D. W. Vandever.
The offense was committed last March and
although Pollock maintains his innocence
the facts seem to be against him. He is a
brakeman on the road and his wife and two
children live at Rowland.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and
abetting F. S. in the murder of the negro,
Whitler, Sheriff Newland went up to Crab
Orchard and brought Geo. Stephenson before
Judge Varon for trial. Judge Hanes-
ford and W. T. Stephenson, father of the
accused, came down with him. The prisoner
wanted to waive an examination, but acting
County Attorney R. C. Warren objected.
Hanesford and the trial was fixed for Saturday.
The law says plainly that a man charged
with a felony must either go to jail or be
placed in the hands of a peace officer, but
it seems that it was ignored and the man
permitted to go off with his father and at
attorney. The consequence was that Stephenson
failed to appear at the appointed time and is now a fugitive from justice. This
seems to be a pretty loose way to do busi-
ness, and if permitted to prevail there
will be little use in arresting a man for any
offense.

A PRETTY HOW-TO DO.—Thursday last
on a warrant charging him with aiding and

WE SHALL KNOW BY AND BY.

How oft we say we wish we knew,
That all might come to light,
With even the future brought to view
And faith transformed to sight.

We wonder why our Father hides,
And will not let us see
Beyond the curtain that divides
Time from eternity.

How many friends have passed away,
Away we know not where,
As dew-drops at the dawn of day
Forsake the lily fair.

Or like bright, silken sun-kissed sails
Born by the summer breeze
Beyond the line where vision fails
To strange and unknown seas.

Would that we knew, would that we knew,
We sigh and sigh and sigh again;
Where float the sails one lost to view
Upon the trackless main?

We shall not know while here, but soon
We'll greet those white sails down,
And oh, how sweet in Heaven's high noon
To know as we are known.

G. W. Crofts, in Inter-Ocean.

MUCH OR LITTLE.

A Greedy Landlord's Rule Which Was Made to Work Both Ways.

Years ago Stephen Loftus was the landlord of our village inn. Physically, Loftus was one of the largest men in the town, weighing considerably over two hundred pounds. Mentally and morally, he was one of the smallest. He was a skinflint on a small scale. He never made large ventures. The turning of an honest penny gave him no particular joy; but if he could get the better of a neighbor, or of a traveler, in the way of a trade, he was happy. On the other hand it must be overreached in the way of a trade, or in the way of any kind of business, and he was in agony.

One day Deacon Hibbard—a good old farmer, from the upper part of town, called in at the tavern, and asked Loftus if he could give him "a bite of something to eat." He impressed it upon Steve Loftus' mind that he didn't want a regular dinner. A cup of weak tea, a crust of stale bread, with a little butter. That was all.

And that was all Loftus gave him. He drank the tea, ate the butter on about half the bread, then arose and went out into the bar-room and asked what was to pay.

"Thirty-five cents, Deacon, is the price for dinner."

Now the good old deacon was by no means penurious man, nor was he in any way grasping; but he was a poor man and obliged to look after the pennies if he would make both ends meet at the end of the year.

"But—Mr. Loftus," fairly gasped the deacon, "you don't call that a dinner which you serve me?"

"Sarin I do, Deacon. It's the regular dinner time, and I gave you all you wanted. You mout' had all you'd asked for. Let me tell you, I've got just one regular rule—A dinner's a dinner, much or little; and I've got my price—thirty-five cents. If you'd been a mind to, you mout' have eaten ten times as much, and I wouldn't a been only a dinner."

"Suppose a man should come along that could eat a whole ox?" suggested the deacon.

"Twould be just the same. As I told you afore, much or little, much or little, a dinner's a dinner."

The deacon took out his well-worn purse, and paid the sum, but he did it reluctantly, and with a heavy heart. It was not so much the money, as he told me afterward; but the thought of the horseman to whom he had sold him.

Now it so happened that my friend Abner Jackson and myself were sitting in the bar-room at the time. Also, there were a number of others—all friends—smoking and chatting sociably.

Ten or fifteen minutes before the deacon came out of the dining-room Abner and I had seen Dan Bantam pass with a load of wood; and we knew he was hauling it to Dr. Daniels'. Here was an opportunity to give Loftus a Roland for his Oliver. Bantam had worked for me once; and had once eaten at my table; but never again.

He stood six feet in his stockings; and was as lean and lank as a fennel rail. He could eat more than any other man I ever knew.

I followed Dan with his wood off, ready for a start homeward. We asked him if he was hungry.

"Hungry!" he repeated, regarding us with simple wonder. "Giv' deen it! when ain't I hungry! I'd like ter git filled up just once. I'll be snaked if I wouldn't!"

He then told him if he would come to the tavern, and order dinner and eat it, we would pay the bill. Dan was nobody's foot. On the way we gave him an inkling of what we really wanted. His dull gray eyes fairly shone. It appeared that Loftus had once cheated him in paying for a load of wood—had given him a counterfeit half dollar, and would not take it back. Poor Dan could not afford to risk a suit at law; so he had been obliged to pocket the loss. By this time we had gone half the distance to the tavern, he was thoroughly instructed, and as eager for the fray as a man could be.

Then we slipped on ahead, and left him to come after.

We found the company in the bar-room as we had left it. The deacon had sat down and picked up an old paper. The landlord was tumbling about, now here, now there, watching for a customer. By and by Dan Bantam drove his ox team into the stable yard, shook down a whisk of hay before the beasts from a bag in his cart, and then came into the bar-room. He wanted some dinner.

"And I want a bang-up one, ole hoss!" Loftus looked him over—the man had never eaten at the inn table—looked at him from head to foot, thinking, perhaps, that a man so lean and lank could not be a great eater. He didn't ask the guest what he would like for dinner, but simply informed him that it would be ready in a few minutes; and then waddled away.

Dan was hungry; his mouth watered. The day was Saturday, and the cooks had made provisions for the morrow, and were still at work, as was evident from the odors that were ever and anon wafted from the kitchen.

In the course of five to ten minutes the landlord put his rubicund visage at the door and announced that dinner was ready.

Abner and I asked him if he could serve us with a lunch at the same time. Certainly, we could have what we wanted.

I turned to the deacon and asked him if he would go in with us. Said I:

"We can finish our business just as well while Mr. Jackson and I are eating as at any time."

I called for a piece of pie, with cheese, and a cup of milk. Abner called for the same.

The sideboard was a broad pine table, set close against the wall on the back side,

with its end against the partition of the kitchen; and over that end was an aperture communicating with the culinary department. On this board I saw a loin of veal—roast—with only a few slices gone. It would furnish cold meat for supper, with plenty left for the help. Also, a part of a roast sirloin of beef. That, likewise, was intended for supper—cold.

The landlord saw us seated, and having placed before Dan a dish of potatoes, two slices of bread, a really generous slice of veal, with a small dish of gravy, he was upon the point of turning, when the hungry man asked if he couldn't have something warm to drink. He didn't care particularly whether it was tea or coffee.

"We don't furnish hot drink with dinner unless especially ordered," said Loftus, rather huffily.

"Well, ole hosst jes' you consider that I've—especially ordered coffee if ye've got it handy. Ef ye haven't, let's be tea."

A red-headed girl who was in waiting at the sideboard was directed to call for the coffee-pot; and shortly after, as though fearing that he might come to high water with the fellow if he remained, the fat host took himself out of the way, leaving Susan to wait upon the table and upon the guests.

Susan Mason, the damsel of the red head, was a farmer's daughter, whose parents were next-door neighbors to Abner, and they were friends. She disliked Loftus; and when Abner had given her to understand the game in hand she caught it eagerly.

And then began a scene of the drama that I never saw approached by any other man. Dan's plate was cleared in a twinkling.

"Soos'at!—A little peice more o' that ere weal, 'f' you please."

It came—a generous slice; and Dan added another potato.

"Soos'at! Will ye le' me hev a bit more bread?"

She brought him half a loaf and more butter.

"Soos'at! I declar! That ere weal is dren' good. Will ye le' me hev jes' a leetle more?"

Susan enjoyed it. She had heard her father speak of Dan Bantam's eating capacity, but she had never heard a half of the truth. He finished the meal, and then went at the bread; and by the time he had done all that was left of either was bone-bone!

"Soos'at! Hey, you got a leetle bit o' puddin', or any thing of that kind, eh?"

She told him they had no puddin'; but they had plenty of pie—mince, apple—O. G. Whittaker's Minced pie for the world! Then she hums! Let's hev one!"

And she brought him a whole mince pie, together with a generous slice of cheese.

He went at it with a relish, actually smacking his lips. And the pie disappeared. "Soos'at! Didn't I hear ye say *custard* pie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, I rayther guess as haen't I'll off on them ere critters!"

She brought it, and he was devours the last morsel of it when the landlord came in. We learned afterward that he had been detained out of doors by a man who had been talking of trading horses, but it had come to nothing. So he came in feeling sore. He thought he had lost a good trade through the deposition of the horseman to whom and defamed him.

Stephen Loftus was an old landlord. He car'ed in his mind the situation as he had left it three-quarters of an hour before; and now he took in the existing situation at a glance. He saw the skeletons on the side-board—a bone-bone, and a section of the bones of a veal loin; he saw the empty bread-plate; the empty mince-pie plate; and a custard pie just departed. He had looked *first* in detail. He now gave one general survey of the field, and made two efforts before he succeeded in speaking.

"Susan! where—where is that meat?"

"It's eat all up, sir."

"Who eat it?"

"He did, sir—Mr. Bantam."

"And a mince pie—a whole one?"

"A—yes, sir."

"And a whole custard pie!"

"Yes, sir."

By this time Dan had drunk the last of the coffee, and was on his feet. Loftus turned upon him, aim-st white. He shook like a huge jelly bag from head to foot.

"Well, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good. I won't complain. I guess we'll call it a dinner, and thirty-five cents is our price for a dinner. I take it, "Sardin."

"But I do say so!" And I'll tell you one thing more—if you don't pay it I'll put an attachment on your exm. You won't

"Wal, gad-grounds, sir!—But—have you eaten the whole of it?—you all alone?"

"Sartin, I hev. An' I could eat more!"

"I had it. I aims jes' exactly full yet. But I swan, them ere p's was good